FAYETTEVILLE OBSERVER.

"Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy Country's, thy God's, and Truth's."

BERRY & WALLACE,] [PUBLISHERS & PROPRIETORS.

VOL. 2. FAYETTEVILLE, TENN., THURSDAY, JUNE 24, 1852. NO. 22.

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Choice Poetry.

A Seaside Calm.

The morning air was pure and cool—
Asleep the silver bay;
Each object on the shining sands
In shade reflected lay.

The giant cliffs in long array
Were drawn up by the sea;
Their heads thrown back with lofty pride
In musing majesty.

The Sea methought did woo the Earth
In low fond tones of love—
The silent Sky hung stooping o'er,
And listening from above!

The herds of clouds were lying down—
The hunting winds were gone;
Their angry bark was heard no more,
The weary chase was done.

A calm, ambrosial consciousness
Did Nature's bosom steep—
A stillness, not so stern as Death,
And more profound than Sleep!

'T was music mute, and voiceless speech—
A quiet, creeping spell—
Repose, without forgetfulness—
And silence audible.

I'm Dreaming, Love, of Thee.

The stars are shining brightly
In the blue vault above,
And spirits breathing lightly,
Are whispering tales of love.
I hear the tones of angels—
A joyous melody;
But I heed not their music—
I'm dreaming, love, of thee.

The breeze is softly sighing
As it fans my cheek and brow;
And the flowers are replying
In strains so rich and low.
I hear the brooklets murmur,
In tones of fairy glee;
But I heed not their sweet music—
I'm dreaming, love, of thee.

THE FASTEST TIME ON RECORD.—Fashion and Boston made pretty fast time over the Long Island Course, but we think it was slow compared to the time made on the Bingaman, at Algiers, on Sunday afternoon, by the crowd when they started on a stampede at the fearful cry of "the grizzly bear has broke loose—he has already eaten up a woman and two children!" One puny gentleman whose chronic rheumatism required the aid of crutches to assist him in his locomotion, after being rolled over sundry times in the mud, abandoned the crutches and made a shute for the gate at the killing pace of 2,29. A coat tail "sticking out a feet," in the neighborhood of the Marine Hospital, about half an hour afterwards, was the last seen of the rheumatic individual, and, for all we know, he is running yet.—*N. O. True Delta.*

The Devil's Hollow:

An Incident of Real Life.

In the town of Catskill, on the Hudson River, there dwelt, some twenty years ago, an attorney of the name of Mason. He was in considerable practice, and had two clerks in his office, whose names were Mansell and Van Buren. In point of ability, these young men were nearly on a par, but they differed widely in disposition. Van Buren was cold, close, and somewhat sullen in temper; but in business, shrewd, active and persevering. Mansell, although assiduous in his duties, was of a gayer temperament; open as the day, generous, confiding and true.

Mason, without being absolutely dishonest, was what is called a keen lawyer, his practice being somewhat of the sharpest; and as the disposition of his clerk, Van Buren, assimilated to his own, he was a great favorite—more intimately in his confidence, and usually employed in those *delicate* matters which sometimes occur in an attorney's business, and in which the honesty of Mansell might rather hinder than help.

Mason had a niece, who he being a bachelor, lived with him in the capacity of housekeeper. She was a lively, sensitive and clever girl—very pretty, if not positively handsome. She had the grace of a sylph and the step of a fawn. It was quite natural that such a maiden should be an object of interest to two young men living under the same roof; and by no means a matter of astonishment that one or both of them should fall in love with her; and both of them did. But, as the young lady had but one heart, she could not retain the love of each. It is scarcely necessary to say, that in making her selection, the choice fell upon Edward Mansell, greatly to the chagrin of his rival, and to the annoyance of Mason, who would have been pleased to find Van Buren the favorite suitor. However, Mansell was the chosen lover, and Mason could not alter the case by argument, nor was he disposed to send away his niece, who was in some measure essential to his domestic comfort; and, moreover, he loved her as much as he loved anything.

Matters went on this way for some time; a great deal of bitterness and rancor being displayed by Mason and Van Buren on the one hand, while Kate and Edward Mansell found in the interviews they occasionally enjoyed, more than compensation for the annoyance to which they were thus necessarily exposed.

It happened, at the time when Edward's engagement was within a month of its expiration, that Mason had received a sum of money, as agent for another party, amounting to nearly three thousand dollars, of which the greater portion was in solid coin. As the money could not be conveniently disposed of until the following day, it was deposited in a tin box in the iron safe, the key of which was always in the custody of Mansell. Soon after he received charge, Van Buren quitted the office for a short time, and in the interim an application from a client rendered it necessary for Mansell to go up to the Court House. Having dispatched his business at the hall, he returned with all expedition, and in due time he took the key of his safe to deposit therein, as usual, the valuable papers of the office over night—when to his inconceivable horror, he discovered that the treasure was gone!

He rushed down stairs, and meeting Van Buren, communicated the unfortunate circumstance. He, in turn, expressed his astonishment in strong terms, and indeed exhibited a kind of sympathy in his brother clerk's misfortune. Every search was made about the premises, and information was given the nearest magistrate; but as Mason was from home, and would not return till the next day, little else could be done. Edward passed a night of intense agony—nor were the feelings of Kate more enviable. Mason returned some hours earlier than was expected, sent immediately for Van Buren, and was closeted with him for a long time.

Mansell, utterly incapacitated by the overwhelming calamity which had befallen him, from attending to his duties, was walking, ignorant of Mason's return, when Kate came, or rather flew towards him, and exclaimed, "Oh, Edward, my uncle has applied for a warrant to apprehend you; and innocent though I know you are, that fiend in human form, Van Buren, has wound such a web around you, that I dread the worst. I have not time to explain: fly instantly, and meet me at nightfall, in the Devil's Hollow, when I will explain all."

Mansell scarcely knew what he did, rushed out of the garden and through some fields; nor did he stop till he found himself out of town on the banks of the river. Then, for the first time, he repented of having listened to the well meant but unwise counsel of his dear Kate. But the step was taken, and he could not retrace it now. He proceeded until he arrived at a thick grove, in the vicinity of the Devil's Hollow, where he lay completely hid, until night closed upon him.

He then approached a dark opening in which there was a deep hollow, which had acquired a celebrity from its having been the scene of a murder some years before, and hence was an object of superstitious awe to the farmers of the vicinity, that he was considered a bold man who would venture there after nightfall. This doubtless, had influenced Kate in her choice of such a place of meeting, inasmuch as they would be secure from interruption.

Mansell returned, and lingered on the skirts of the grove, until the sound of a light footstep on the graveled path which led to the place, announced the approach of the loved being whom he felt he was about to meet for the last time. The poor girl could not speak a word when they met, but bowing her head upon his shoulder, burst into a flood of passionate tears. By degrees she became more calm, and then detailed to him a conversation she had overheard between Van Buren and her uncle; and gathered thence that the former had succeeded in convincing Mason of Edward's guilt, by an artful combination of facts which would have made out a *prima facie* case against the accused—the most formidable one being the finding of a considerable sum of specie in Mansell's trunk. Knowing that he could not satisfactorily account for the possession of this money, without the evidence of a near relative who had departed for Europe a week before, and whose address was unknown, and return uncertain, Edward, to avoid the horror and disgrace of lying in the county jail in the intermediate time, resolved on evading the officers of justice, until he could surrender himself with the proofs of his innocence in his hands.

The moon had now risen above the hill which bound the prospect, and warned the lovers that it was time to separate.

"And now, dearest," said he, "I leave you with the brand of thief upon my fair name, to be hunted like a beast of prey from one hiding place to another. But oh, Kate, I bear with me the blest assurance that one being, and that being the best loved of my heart, knows me to be innocent; and that thought shall comfort me."

"A remarkably pretty speech, and well delivered!" exclaimed a voice which caused the youthful pair to start, and turn their eyes in the direction whence it proceeded, when from behind a solitary tree that grew in the Hollow, a tall figure wrapped in an ample cloak, walked towards them. The place, as we have before said, had an evil reputation, and although Edward and his companion were of course free from the superstitious fears which characterized the country people, an undefinable feeling stole over them, as they gazed on the tall form before him.

Mansell, however, soon recovered himself and told the stranger that whoever he was it ill became him to overhear conversation that was not intended for other ears than their own.

"Nay," was the rejoinder, "be not angry with me: perhaps you may have reason to rejoice in my presence, since being in possession of the story of your grief, it might be in my power to alleviate it. I have assisted men in much greater straights."

Edward did not like the last sentence, nor the tone in which it was uttered; but he said, "I see not how you can help me; you cannot give me a clue by which I can find the box."

"Yes, here is a clue," replied the other, as he held forth about three yards of strong cord. "Here is a line; go to the river at a point exactly opposite the old hollow oak; wade out in a straight line until you find the box; attach one end of the box, and the other to a stout cork, but remove it not yet."

"The devil!" said Mansell; whether he really believed himself to be in the presence of the Evil One, or that the word was merely expressive of surprise, we know not.

The stranger took the compliment, and acknowledging it with a bow, said, "The tin box of which you have been accused of stealing, is at the bottom of the river, and you will find that I have spoken no more than the truth."

Mansell hesitated no longer, but accompanied the stranger to the spot, and in a few minutes the box, sealed as when he last saw it, was again in his possession. He looked from the treasure to the stranger, and at last said, "I owe you more than a life, for in regaining this, I shall recover my good name, which has been foully traduced."

He was proceeding towards the shore, when the other cried:

"Stop, young gentleman! not quite so fast; just fasten your cord to it, and replace it where you found it, if you please." Edward started, but the stranger continued; "Were you to take that box back to your employer, think you that you would produce any other effect on him than the conviction, that finding your delinquency discovered, you wish to secure impunity by restoring the property? We must not only restore the treasure, but convict the thief. Hush! I hear a footfall!" As he spoke, he took the box from Edward, who now saw his meaning, fastened the cord to it, and it was again lowered to the bottom of the river, and the cork on the other end of the cord was swimming down with the tide.

"Now follow me in silence," whispered the stranger, and the three retired and hid themselves behind the huge trunk of the tree, whence by the light of the moon they beheld a figure approach the water, looking cautiously around him.

"That is the thief," said the stranger, in a low voice, in Edward's ear. "I saw him, last night, throw something into the river, and when he was gone, I took the liberty of raising it up; when, expecting that he would return and remove his booty, I replaced it, and had been unsuccessfully watching the place just before I met you in the Hollow."

By this time the man had reached the river's brink, and after groping some time through the water, he found the box, but started back in astonishment on seeing a long cord attached to it. His back was turned to the witnesses of the transaction, so that Edward and the stranger had got him securely by the collar before he could make an attempt to escape. The surprise of Mansell and Kate may be more easily conceived than painted, when as the moonbeam fell on the face of the culprit, they recognized the features of Van Buren, his fellow-clerk.

Our limits will not allow of our saying more, than that Mansell's character was cleared, while Van Buren, whom Mason, for reasons confined to his own bosom, refrained from prosecuting, quitted the town in merited disgrace. The stranger proved to be a gentleman of large landed property in the neighborhood, which he had now visited for the first time in many years, and having been interested in the young pair whom he had so opportunely delivered from tribulation, he subsequently appointed Mansell his man of business, and thus laid the foundation of his prosperity. It is almost needless to add, that Kate, who had so long shared his heart, became his wife, and shared his good fortune.

Consult the Ladies.

Richardson, the celebrated author and printer, even in the latter days of his life, entertained the greatest confidence in the literary taste and judgment of his female friends. Nor was this confidence confined to ladies of mature age, inasmuch as he often selected very young persons, to whose judgment he in a manner submitted his literary productions before trusting them to the criticism of his rivals and cotemporaries. We have all doubtless heard the story related of Dean Swift, who, having no other person to whom he could read his manuscripts, was in the habit of calling his female servant, and though she does not appear to have been a woman of education, yet he carefully watched her countenance while he read to her, and in that way, discovered the probable fate of his sermons and other writings before they were submitted to the decision of the public. We know political as well as literary editors who have long been in the practice of reading their leading articles to their wives, relying in a great measure upon their advice and judgment. And our own observation will bear us out in saying that we have scarcely ever known a lady who was not competent to give sound opinions on all such matters, and to give which seems to require a discernment which does not depend so much upon a refined education as upon the refined and delicate sentiments and instincts which appear to be the natural endowments of her sex. It is a common saying with some men, when they desire to escape a bad bargain, that they must go home and consult their wives.—Our belief is, that fewer bad bargains would be made, and that fewer troubles would find their way into the domestic circles, were husbands more generally to consult their wives on *all* occasions, great and small.

ABDEL-KADER.—An amusing anecdote is related of this illustrious Arabian chief, who, to the eternal disgrace of France, is still a prisoner of state at Amboise. He lately employed a competent person to give his four children lessons in writing. The teacher filled his task in the most exemplary manner, treating his little pupils with the utmost kindness. The brave father, being very grateful, bethought him of making the teacher a present, as a mark of his esteem, and, after much cogitation, concluded to give one of his five Arabian wives. The Frenchman in vain endeavored to explain that he already had a wife, and that the European law only allowed him one. Abdel Kader thought that the writing master wished to be ceremonious, and persisted most perseveringly in his offer stating, in a courteous manner, that he would still have four wives left—enough, in the name of Allah, for a poor prisoner. The matter ended, and the writing master was rescued from this ludicrous dilemma by his wife—the original European one—carrying him off from the chief's presence, and prohibiting him from ever returning there.

THE CONGRESSIONAL SESSION.—A few days ago, a paper was handed through the U. S. House of Representatives, for the members to designate the time of adjournment, and a majority fixed the 15th of August. We presume that will be the day.

Political Reading.

From the Nashville American.

Gen. Franklin Pierce.

FRANKLIN PIERCE, the nominee of the Democratic National Convention for President of the United States, was born in the town of Hillsboro, New Hampshire, in 1804, and is now forty-seven years of age. He is of revolutionary stock, as will be seen by the following sketch of the life of his father.

BENJAMIN PIERCE, the father of Franklin Pierce, was born at Chelmsford, a town near Lowell, Massachusetts, in 1757; and, as he was the son of a farmer, his early life was devoted to agriculture. He was descended from a respectable Irish family, who originally emigrated from Londonderry, Ireland, and settled in New Londonderry, in New Hampshire. On the memorable 19th of April, 1775, the revolutionary committee of Boston sent out couriers, in every direction, and one of these messengers came up to the door of the farm house, while young Pierce, then only eighteen years of age, was plowing in his father's field; and having delivered a brief message, hastened on to arouse the country to action. It was the news of the battle of Lexington which the stranger was commissioned to proclaim, and which, like a trumpet's voice, roused all the inhabitants of the land.—Young Pierce left the plough, and shouldering his musket, proceeded on foot towards Lexington, where he found, on his arrival, that the troops had fallen back upon Boston; and he proceeded to Boston, and enlisted as a private soldier in the Army of the Revolution, was assigned to the regiment commanded by Col. Brooks. In the battle of Bunker Hill, which occurred on the 17th of June following, Pierce took a part, and from that time to the close of the Revolution, he continued in the service, and followed the fortune of his regiment, fighting when it was called into action, and attracting the notice and winning the commendations of his superior officers for his gallantry and good conduct, by which means he gradually rose to the command of a company, so that at the disbanding of the Revolutionary Army, in 1784, he held the rank of Captain. The leaders of the revolution had been driven, by necessity, to the issuing of paper money; and in that currency, already depreciating, the troops were paid off. Pierce was amongst the sufferers; and when he set out to return to his native village, he found the continental money which he had received from Congress so far depreciated, that the whole amount in his possession, the arrears of his pay for eight years of service, would not suffice for the purchase of a farm. He was obliged, like many other officers of the Revolution, to go into the wilderness, where lands were cheap, and begin the cultivation of wild land. He removed to the State of New Hampshire, into the town and county of Hillsborough, and having made a clearing, erected a rude habitation, felling the trees with his axe, and procuring food for sustenance with his gun. In that town his son, Franklin Pierce, was born, and there lived until he removed to Concord, the capitol of the State, where he now resides.

In the autumn of 1786, General John Sullivan, who was then Governor of New Hampshire, and whose grandson, John Sullivan, is now attorney General of that State, determined to form the militia of the county of Hillsborough into a brigade, and having sought out Benj. Pierce, commissioned him as a brigade major; and he, being a veteran soldier, immediately took the necessary steps for the perfect organization and discipline of the several regiments. He had already served eight years in the regular army, and he continued for twenty-one years in the militia, leaving it finally in the station of brigadier general.—Gen. Miller and Gen. John McNiel (who was a son-in-law of Benjamin Pierce,) both of whom served with so much distinction in the war of 1812, and the latter of whom recently deceased at the city of Washington, both belonged, when they were young men, to the militia regiment commanded by the father of the democratic nominee; and it is said that several other valuable officers who have distinguished themselves, have been proud to declare that they received their first lessons of military discipline from Gen. Benj. Pierce, in the militia of Hillsborough.

From 1789 to 1802, he was a representative of the people in the Legislature of the State; and, in 1803, was first elected a member of the Governor's council, where he continued six years, five of which were passed in the council of the celebrated Governor John Landon. He was afterwards Sheriff of Hillsborough county. Relative to his kind heartedness in the discharge of the duties of this office many anecdotes are related. We mention but one. In those days, the law tolerated imprisonment for debt. On entering upon the discharge of his duties, Gen. Pierce, the elder, found among the prisoners confined for debt three old Revolutionary Soldiers. Of these, he at once made a general jail delivery. Although not a wealthy man, he paid the debts on which these men were confined, and sent them on their way rejoicing.

In the contest for the succession which arose about the close of Mr. Monroe's administration, the large body of the republicans as well as the federalists of New England supported Mr. Adams. Some of the federalists, who could not forgive Mr Adams for his desertion of their cause in 1808, supported Gen. Jackson—not as agreeing with him in political principle, but through hatred to Mr. Adams: while a small body of old republicans, having no confidence in Mr Adams, supported Mr. Crawford. Of this latter class was Benjamin Pierce. No ticket was formed for Gen. Jackson in New Hampshire in 1824; and the Crawford ticket received but six thousand votes.

Soon after the election of Mr. Adams, the democrats of New Hampshire rallied in opposition to the federal doctrines of his inaugural address, and effected a formal organization in favor of Gen. Jackson.—Benjamin Pierce was one of the leaders of this organization; but it was ineffectual in securing the State for Jackson in 1828. At the March election in 1829, however, Benjamin Pierce was nominated as the democratic candidate for Governor; and such was his great personal popularity that he was triumphantly elected. He was reelected in 1830; and at the expiration of his second term voluntarily retired from public life.

The New York Tribune, speaking of the father of our candidate, says that "Benjamin Pierce was an unlearned but honest, kind hearted man, who served his country in the Revolution, was for many years sheriff of Hillsborough county, and finally elected Governor. His social worth and personal popularity laid the foundation of his son's fortunes."

What a proud character is this! and how strongly it appeals to the feelings of the sons of old revolutionary soldiers among us! The men of the revolution had no time to learn from books; but they learned a lesson of patriotism better than any taught therein. The New York Herald says that during one of Frank Pierce's college vacations, he was at the old homestead in Hillsborough at the time the popular chief magistrate of the State, his father, was engaged in preparing his annual message to the Legislature of the State. The anecdote illustrates in a strong light the sterling worth of inborn patriotism, (which in its extended sense is a love of the form of his country's government as well as of the country itself,) which inspired the revolutionary veteran.

There was a word to be spelled.—It was a hard word. It was no less a word than the word "but."—

(*Continued on the Fourth Page.*)